

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSEUMPADDY'S MARKET - THE HISTORIC BACKGROUND

Paddy's market, situated in Shipbank Lane, is one of the oldest markets in Glasgow remaining in its traditional area. It has existed in the Bridgegate/Clyde Street/Saltmarket for approximately 150 years in unofficial and official forms. Other markets in the neighbourhood - the Saltmarket, Fishmarket, Cheesemarket, Fruitmarket and Bird and Dog markets - have either long ceased to exist, or have moved elsewhere.

The ability of Paddy's Market to survive in the Glasgow of comprehensive redevelopment is celebrated in a poem by Freddy Anderson, a Glasgow writer of Irish birth who lives in Garthamlock (Appendix 1).

Paddy's Market developed as a result of the industrial expansion of Glasgow which attracted mass immigration from Ireland, the Highlands and elsewhere. The trade of hawking - the buying and selling of second hand clothing - was one which was open to everybody, and poor immigrants were able to make a living in this way. The paper and bedding industries (rag flock being the main substance used for mattresses until the 1930s) were largely dependent upon the rag and second hand clothing trade.

Because there was no regulation of hawkers, it is impossible to specify a date when the market was formed. With the exodus of the merchant classes to the west end of the city, the Bridgegate area became largely an Irish area from the 1820s onwards. The Glasgow historian Robert Reid wrote a full description of it in 1849 (Appendix 2).

THE SITE OF THE MARKET

A poem of 1856 (Appendix 5) refers to the market as being a "splendid piece of architecture" "at the foot of Bridgegate Street". An Annan photograph of the 1870s shows a covered clothes market on the edge of Glasgow Green; this structure predates the custom-built market of 1875, and is probably one of the buildings associated with the Glasgow Fair, which in 1870 was moved from Glasgow Green to Vingegarhill.

The railway arches of Shipbank Lane were created by the Glasgow & South Western Railway, also in the 1870s. It is not known for certain that they were used by the hawkers from the beginning, but it is likely.

MUNICIPALISATION OF PADDY'S MARKET

In July, 1875, in an effort to clean up and control the rag trade, and to provide covered accommodation for the hawkers, Glasgow Corporation opened a large new market building in Greendyke Street, on the edge of Glasgow Green. Peter Fyfe, the City Sanitary Inspector, writing in 1917, described it thus:

"Of all the civic enterprises of the Glasgow Corporation, perhaps there is none which shows such a marked desire to meet the needs of the poorer part of her population than the Old Clothes Market in Greendyke Street, Calton. We have several of these unsavoury "stores" scattered over our teeming city, but here we have a roofed and galleried emporium covering over 2,300 square yards, leased out in stalls or stances to dealers in second-hand and worn clothing of every description. Eighty leaseholders, renting their stances at from 2s 6d. to 12s. per week, exhibit their wares, rescued from the "devil" or lanitary machine of the flock factory. Where these are collected and whence brought to this place is one of the mysteries of the underworld of the city. Busy human "ants" may be observed now and again scurrying out of closes with huge bundles on their backs, and, if followed, may be seen picking out the usable from the unusable, the woollen from the cotton, and generally classifying their wares for sale. Catching the "crumbs which fall from the rich man's table", they are the waste-preventers of the city, and thus not only serve themselves with a humble living, but help others, equally poor, to be served with still serviceable articles of clothing."

Some kind of sanitary control was necessary to prevent the spread of contagious diseases through clothing and rag flock in beds. It was Peter Fyfe who successfully campaigned for the passing of the Rag Flock Act of 1911, compelling the proper washing of bedding materials prior to use.

In 1911, because of the opposition of other local traders who were not hawkers, but who were feeling the competition from Paddy's, there appears to have been a move to shut it down or send it elsewhere. An article in the Glasgow Weekly Herald (Appendix 3) provides a full description of the market at this time.

The provision of the Old Clothes Market was considered to be a public service rather than a profit making concern for Glasgow Corporation, but the building seems to have been requisitioned for military purposes at some point during the Great War and the hawkers made homeless.

It was also at this time that the Saturday traders who worked from barrows in Clyde Street were moved into Calton. This was done because of the traffic congestion in the street.

PADDY'S MARKET TODAY

The second hand clothes trade seems to have settled in the railway arches in Shipbank Lane from the time of the 1914-18 War onwards. Even before then, when the market was still "officially" in Greendyke Street, it is likely that the railway arches were being used for this purpose.

It is a common belief that only "junk" is sold in Paddy's Market. However, haute couture can be found there, and clothing and textiles which are sold as period pieces in west end shops have often come through Paddy's Market.

The market is also an excellent source of quality furs; large quantities of rare and expensive reconditioned fur coats have come through the market.

Many useful acquisitions for the People's Palace Museum collections have been made in Paddy's Market, including Turkey Red bedcovers, kitchen ware, and even a billiard table iron.

In times of recession, Paddy's Market has always flourished, and in the 1980s, it appears to be expanding. This is happening side by side with the gentrification of the area eg the opening of the old Fishmarket on 4th April, 1986 as a modern shopping centre, the building of "Heritage Homes" in Clyde Street (now under construction), the disappearance of the famous "Wee Man" public house and its re-emergence as "The Merchant". This process began with the rehabilitation of the City Improvement Trust tenements in Saltmarket in 1979/80. At this time, the old Tent Hall congregation in Steel Street was made homeless when the YMCA took over the building. The gentrification process continues.

PADDY'S MARKET IN ART AND LITERATURE

In the past, many articles have been written about Paddy's. The cartoonist Twyn made a good sketch of it in 1889 (Appendix 4). In 1979, the People's Palace staged a small photographic exhibition on the market, and in 1984, a Glasgow University student did a postgraduate historical study of it.

Paddy's Market has featured extensively in Glasgow literature. A full bibliography will take some time to compile, but among others, it is featured in Guy McCrone's Wax Fruit trilogy, the novels of William McIllvaney and the poetry of Liz Lochhead and Freddy Anderson.

Many artists, including Ernest Hood, Peter Howson and Norman Kirkham, have painted Paddy's Market. The People's Palace owns a painting by Hugh Byars.

Elsbeth King 29th May, 1987.

I'll sing you a song of the Market,
old Paddy's way down by the Green,
where Watt got his Newcommen engine
and the Wrights their grand flying
machine ;

there's Kilmarnock editions, old masters,
Noah's Ark and a pileful of junk,
pieces of eight and an anchor
from the year the Armada was sunk,
boomerangs, cockatoos and a gurdy,
you name it, they have it in store,
the lid of the tomb of a mummy
or the breeks of a brave matador,
knick-knacks, bric-a-brac and fine trinkets
that no other place can be seen
are there to be had for the asking
in Paddy's way down by the Green.

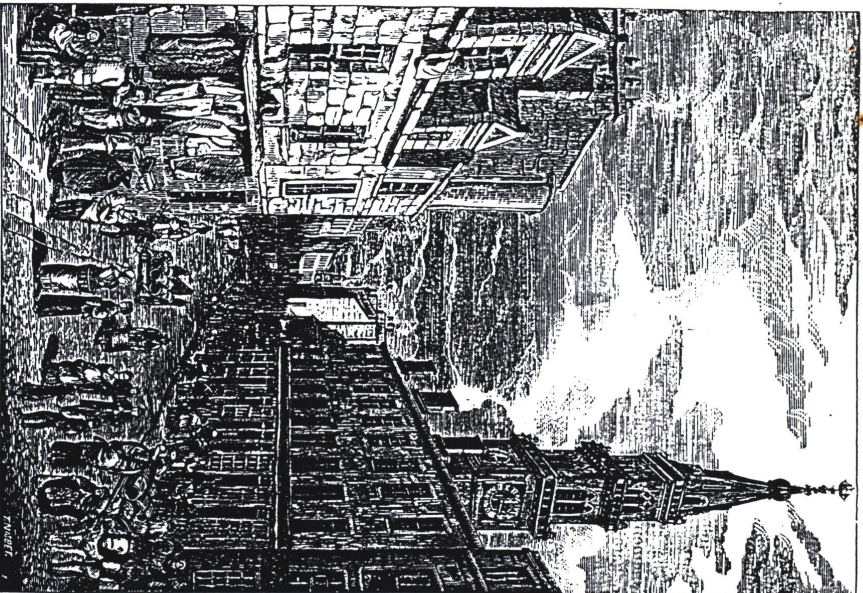
Poor Glasgow's being bull-dozed to pieces,
and half of it razed to the ground,
that demolishing gang in the Chambers
want to leave nothing around,
the Met and the Queens and the Palace,
(next on the list who can tell ?)
as Glasgow's transformed to a car-park
and our city a big empty shell.
But no-one can oust 'Paddy's Market',
he baffled the experts around,
yes, Paddy out-witted the planners
when he placed all his goods on the
ground,

and folk will aye come from all quarters,
Tam, Dick and Harry be seen
wi' Jock Tamson's bairns as they gather
at Paddy's way down by the Green.

Sure McAllister purchased his plaid there,
himself that danced for the Queen,
and MacPherson's most famous old fiddle
it came from a stall near the Green !
Or maybe you'll want whigmaleeries,
or a well-chamfered bit for a pound,
and if you've run short of a chanty,
you'll find there are dozens around.
And many's the laddie's first trousers
were cut down from the polis discards,
the legs fitting fine to a frazzle,
tho the waist was too wide -by a yard.
You may boast of your Goldbergs and Woolies,
but nothing ava have ye seen,
unless you've gone Saturday-shopping
in Paddy's way down by the Green.

Freddy Anderson.

Some goods they say fell offa lorry,
and swear they seen it themsel',
sure, if you're up bright and early,
they'll sell ye the lorry itsel' ;
'twas at Paddy the crafty wee moocher
the Suspension Brig sold for a song,
and when the Yank paused in suspicion
he threw in for a bargain the Tron.
Naw, that's but the patter o' Glesca,
and goes by the way of a joke,
there's never the soul down at Paddy's
gets landed a pig in a poke,
for it's there that I met with my dearie,
what a bargain I got wi' my Jean,
and I help her to carry her bundle
to Paddy's way down by the Green.



EAST VIEW OF THE BRIDGEGATE FROM STOCKWELL.

One of the Staples of the Bridgegate is now the Old Clothes Trade. In *Scanlan's Class*, on the South Side of the Street, and nearly opposite the foot of King Street, was held the wholesale Old Clothes Market, for the supply of "Hand-me-Downs" to all Ireland—often at the cost of the garments of the West-Enders. The Trade is not only a Home, but an Export one, for vast quantities are periodically sent to Ireland; and it may be almost said, that for every Crate of Cabbage, or Hamper of Poultry or Eggs, we receive from the Sister Isle, we send in return a bale of fine old "Hand-me-Downs," consisting of Coats, Trowsers, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Shirts and Shifts, Cloaks, Greatcoats, Gowns and Petticoats, &c., of every size, and in every shade of condition; and these, after a slight renovation, reappear on the persons of the *Missions* at Chapel, Fair, or Market. In fact, on looking at the handsome uniform of the Glasgow Yeomanry the other day, we could not help reflecting, that part of it, when too shabby for the original wearer, is inevitably destined to deck "Pat's outer man," and can tell how many shoe-eyed Judys and Biddys may have their tender hearts rent by the fascination of a cast-off Glasgow Yeoman's Jacket, with its red facings.

It will hardly be believed that sometimes £1000 a-week change hands in the Old Clothes Trade; but we are assured of this, on Authority which we deem highly trustworthy. There are positively Capitalists in the Trade, to whom the minor fry, who collect the *Trogery* in all parts of the City during the day, repair in the evening, and dispose of their armful of old Coats, Gowns, and Breeches. These Collectors consist of the honest Trader, who gives Crockery or Cash in exchange for your "Cast-Offs," as well as "the Artful Dodger," who removes a silk Handkerchief from your pocket without your leave. Unpretending and humble though the Old Clothes Shops or Booths may appear, the Rents, in proportion, are as high as in Buchanan Street; and yet we hear much less from this Quarter of the dreadful Public Burdens to which both Proprietor and Tenant are subjected, especially in the shape of the Poor-Rate. Property in the Bridgegate has, however, been gradually decreasing in value for the last 15 years.

We need scarcely remind our Readers that, from time immemorial, the Bridgegate has been celebrated for the quality of its Tripe, Potatoes, Meat, and Cow-Heel. Even the most fashionable Families used regularly to send to the Bridgegate for their supply of Tripe; and thousands of Convivial Parties have regaled themselves on this Dish Toddy. Until within the last 20 years, when so many respectable Chop-Houses have sprung up, a man could not get a Meal in the business part of the Town, unless he ordered at an Inn or Hôtel; but he could always get a plain "Cheek" or "Snack" in the Bridgegate, for something under a Shilling. The institution of the Chop-Houses, or *Restaurants*, throughout all the City, destroyed the monopoly of the Bridgegate in this respect; and though Tripe was, some 15 years ago, got there in rare perfection, and in Blythwood's old House too, made by John George, the Trade is now there extinct. We have warrant for saying, that fortunes, amounting to £80,000, have been made in this Street, in the Tripe and Spirit Trade.

Repeat Read's description of the second hand clothing trade, 1849.

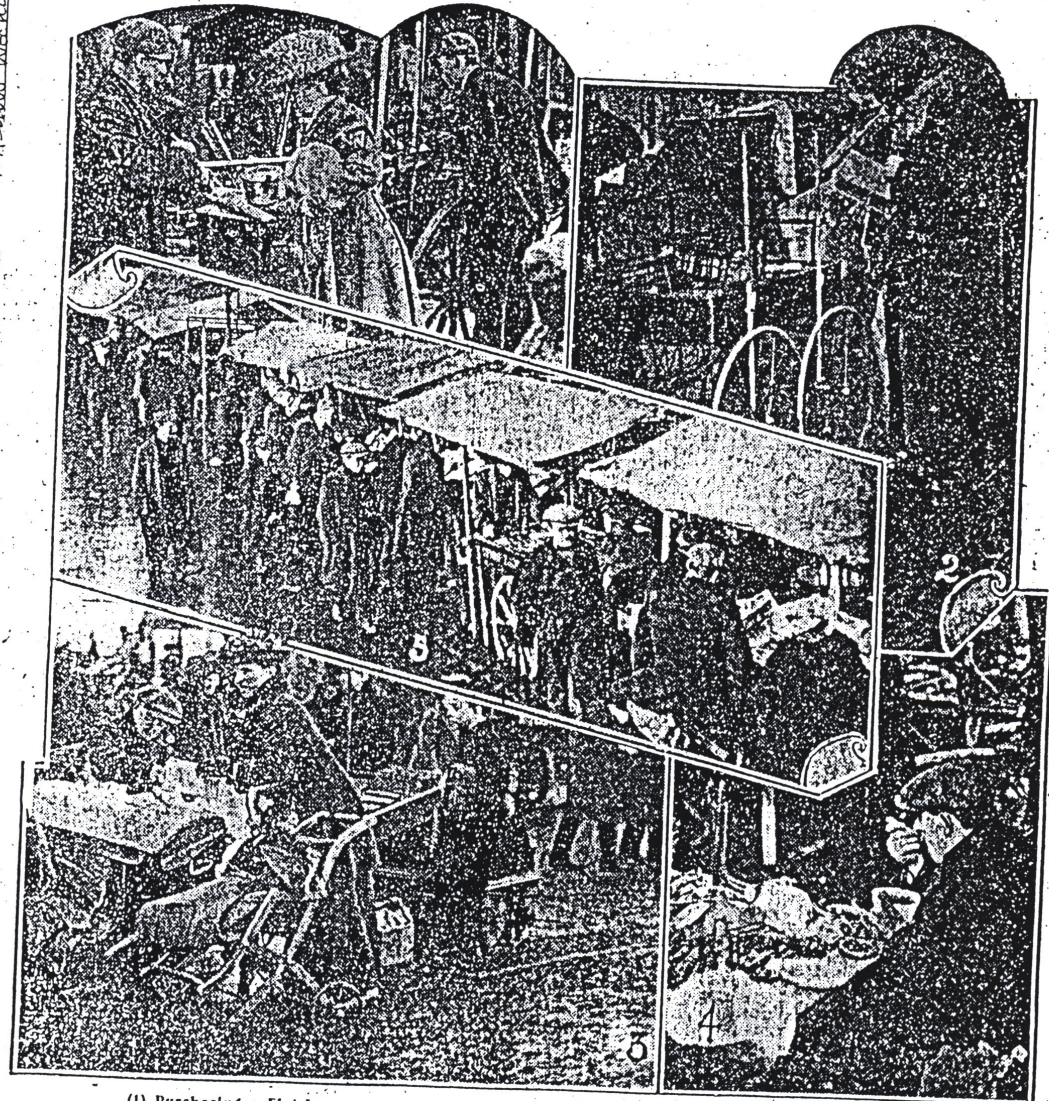
GLASGOW'S FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A DAY IN "PADDY'S MARKET."

Though the wind blew in chilly blasts across the river, carrying with it now and again showers of stinging rain, and the weather conditions generally were not of the mild and gentle description we are wont to associate with the demise of February, there was the usual large gathering last Saturday afternoon at Glasgow's al-fresco bazaar in Great Clyde Street, locally known as "Paddy's Market."

bargain-hunters round the various stalls. I found that the Celt was largely in excess of the son of the Emerald Isle. The stranger arriving in Glasgow and observing the jostling and awaying crowds on our busy thoroughfares is at once impressed with the vastness of the city's population. It is only, however, by paying a visit to such a quarter as "Paddy's Market" and mingling with the heterogeneous mass of people gathered there that he can fully realise the cosmopolitan nature of that population. For there the Jew and the Gentle rub shoulders, the Gael and the Saxon meet on the friendliest terms, and without the slightest inclination to

fight their battles o'er again, or "chew the rag" regarding the merits of their respective races and countries; while Antonio, the son of sunny Italy, with brilliantly-burnished freezer and freshly-painted barrow in anticipation of the coming summer's trade, tempts innocent citizens into the purchase of the succulent but mysterious "slider." On looking at the conglomeration of goods on the various stalls, I wondered how the vendors could possibly make a decent living out of the gathering together and disposing of such stuff. Yet I believe most of them do very well. A gentleman to whom I spoke, and who, from his official position in the city, must be allowed to know, assured me



(1) Purchasing a Flat-Iron.

(2) An Ancient Stallkeeper.

(4) Lunch-Time.

(3) The "Dead Man's Chest."

(5) General View of the Market.

bet one man makes quite a good thing by hiring out the barrows, of which the stalls consist.

The "Dead Man's Chest."

One of the stalls which attracted my attention occupied a position at the end of the row near the Albert Bridge. Its contents were numerous and varied. But at the rear of the barrow was an article which at once aroused my interest. It was an old sea-chest, sturdy and strong still after a long and doubtless useful life, painted a deep sea-green, and decorated on lid and sides with heavy brass-headed nails. It was just such a piece of furniture as Long John Silver would have trotted about with him on his various adventurous voyages. As I looked at it again, the busy market melted away, and in imagination I could see that ancient chest stowed away in a corner of the dark foc'sle of some wind jammer of the good old days. It was, of course, too small to accommodate sixteen men, however closely they might squat upon its dumpy top; but as I again conjured up the picture of the little cabin, with its swinging oil lamp, its not-over-clean bunks, and its general air of seamanlike untidiness, I fancy heard the clank of the captain's and the rattle of the chain as the anchor came up to the bows. It was not difficult to add the loud "Yo-ho!" which preceded the call for a bottle of rum from the ruffian crew, who sat on the dead-man's chest and drank to his eternal rest, while with the most sailorlike freedom they disposed of the belongings of the late owner among themselves. Another barrow near at hand contained a wide selection of musical instruments, ranging from that dispeller of sleep, the penny whistle, to the more dignified, but, I am afraid, in its now asthmatic state, scarcely more tuneful melodion. There were several alleged violins, but what struck me as the strangest part of the collection was a samisen, half-buried under a heap of rubbish of one kind or another. What a change, alas! from the far-off days when its strings, now bent and tarnished, responded in sweetest melody to the dainty fingers of some Manchurian maiden in a garden of the East.

"Here you are now," said the keeper of the stall to a young man who had just come forward. And he held aloft a battered concertina, the very look of which might have given one an attack of nerves, let alone listening to anyone attempting to perform on the monstrosity. "Only half-a-crown!"

"Half-a-crown," replied the youth sneeringly, as he edged off. "Div yo think I'm gaun to buy the — barrow!"

Bargains for Housewives.

The crockery stand, I observed, came in for a large share of patronage.

"I want a teapot—a big yin tee," said a buxom housewife as she elbowed her way to the front. "Wool, there's dixons o' them there an' a' cheap enough, mistress; tak' yer pick," answered the owner of the stand. Thrusting out a bare, brawny arm from underneath her shawl, the inquirer pounced upon a teapot, the dimensions of which clearly showed that the purchaser's aim was holding capacity and not the quality of the material. "I think this yin'll do," she remarked, as she proceeded to test the soundness of the pot by tapping it vigorously with a door-key, which, from its enormous size, might have been one of those used by the worthy "Dougal Cratur" when that gentleman acted as turnkey in the Glasgow Tolbooth. At length, being satisfied that the "ring" was true, she haggled with the vendor for a minute or two regarding the inevitable "ha'penny aff' or I'll no' tak' it," but latterly won her point and departed with her teapot, which I am fain to think did not suffer from the strenuous test to which its efficiency had been put.

Other stalls were strong in men's tweed caps, which were selling at a remarkably cheap rate, and for which there appeared to be a brisk demand. The "art" stall, however, was a host in itself. The pictures displayed were mostly gaudy oleographs of religious subjects, and the customers who patronised this particular kiosk, it was not difficult to detect, were mostly young people about to set up house. While I stood there I saw more than one red-haired Madonna with a child, to whose features the artist had imparted a bilious hue, lugged away to its new home by its happy and blushing owners.

There was recent talk of putting a stop to the holding of "Paddy's Market," in the interests of shopkeepers. I for one would deeply regret if such a step were taken, for a more interesting place wherein to spend an unoccupied hour can scarcely be found in the city.

The Bachel Cartoon Supplement, 6th March, 1889



"PADDY'S MARKET"

PADDY'S MARKET.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

The Poet has just added this splendid production of a local poet to his present immense collection of fining songs. It is an able and talented effort, and ought to be patronised by all, not only on account of its poetical beauties, but because of its extreme and startling novelty. The late Paddy's Market has now merged into cipherdom—a market for the sale of fish-oven and above eight weeks old. Thanks to the praiseworthy exertions of our civic rulers, Glasgow can now boast of a market for the sale of articles of almost all descriptions, that outrivals in substantial embellishments, any place, for a similar purpose, in the three kingdoms. The Poet would advise the citizens to pay the Market a visit, as it is a place of splendid architecture. Copies can only be had in the Poet's Box, 6 St Andrew's Lane, Glasgow.

Air—Chaunting Benny.

Good people all pray give an ear,
And listen with attention,
The things I saw in the Rag Fair,
To you I'm going to mention.
At the foot of the Bridgegate Street,
You'll get rigged out quite handy,
For fifteen pence you'll be complete,
A second-handed dandy.
Chorus—All you that wish to cut a swell,
And thro' the streets to lark it,
For a trifle you'll get fitted well,
Down at Paddy's Market.

There's boots you'll get without the legs,
And shoes without the soles, sir,
And stockings like a riddle too,
They are so full of holes, sir.
But if you wish to come out well,
And does not be too nice, sir,
A tidy suit there you may get,
If you will pay the price, sir.

There is bed mats and old straw hats,
And guns and swords for fencing,
With gowns and viels like big ship sails,
And sheepskin pumps for dancing.
There's coats and hats, and wigs and caps,
And muffs and gloves and all, sir,
With whisky kegs and wooden legs,
All selling on the stall, sir.

Of matches too, there's not a few,
With hammers, chisels and nails, sir,
There's petticoats and shifts you'll get,
And shirts without the tails, sir.
A looking-glass I cannot pass,
Was made for family use, sir,
A cobbler's stool and old foot rule,
A lapstone and a goose, sir.

There's old bed ticks and porridge sticks,
And screws for drawing corks, sir.

With keys and locks, and old brass-cocks,
And brocken knives and forks, sir,
There's masons' mells and ladies' shawls,
With plains, houses and razors,
Lots of old books and shearing hooks,
Net caps and ladies' beavers.

Neckcloths, scarfs and mufflers,
And dickeys for the swells, sir,
Shortgowns, aprons and stays,
For all the pretty girls, sir,
There's spades and picks, and candlesticks,
Needles, threads, tapes and laces,
Muslin, whiskers and gum flowers,
To decorate your faces.

There's cups and plates, and fire-grates,
Bellows, tongs and pokers,
There's pots, pans and wattering cans,
All sold among the brokers.
There's soldiers belts and Higbland kilts,
With knapsacks a great lot, sir,
An iron stool from Sebastopol,
With militia hats and coats, sir.

There's rags and clouts, and water-stoups,
Polkas, nets and bustles,
There's umbrellas and parasols,
Dogs' collars, chains and muzzles.
Hatchets, brogs and winter clogs,
Handsaws, files and garters,
Fifes and flutes, and navvies' boots,
Horses' graiths and glass decanters.

Both body coats and overcoats,
And fashionable vests, sir,
A hat or pair of trousers,
You'll be fitted of the best, sir.
The money need be no object,
Just go and give a call, sir,
Come you who will, you are welcome still,
They'll fit you one and all, sir.

Songs, Parodies, and Epitaphs written on the shortest notice. Apply to the Poet, Poet's Box, 6 St Andrew's Lane, Glasgow
September 6, 1856.

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At Glasgow, the 23rd March, 1987.

At a meeting of the Central Area Management Committee.

- Present - Councillor Moynes (Chair), the Collector of the Trades of Glasgow (Mr. Crichton), Mr. Campbell (for the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce) and Mrs. Khan and Mr. Glass (community representatives).
- Present also - Ms. Thorne (for the Town Clerk), Mr. Khan (for the Area Team Leader), the Assistant Director of Cleansing (Mr. Smith), Mr. Hastie (for the Director of Parks and Recreation), Mr. McChristie (for the City Estates Surveyor) and Mr. McLean (for the Director of Architecture).
- In attendance - Ms. McAllister and Mr. McGurn (for the Bridgegate Trust) and Mr. Coccozza (for the Chief Executive, Strathclyde Regional Council).
- Apologies - Apologies were received from Councillor Wiseman, Mr. McTaggart, M.P., the Rt. Hon. Mr. Jenkins, M.P., Miss Lynn (community representative) and Mr. Rae (the Area Team Leader).

Bridgegate Study - Report by Bridgegate Trust dealt with - Reference to appropriate committees.

1 There was submitted a summary report by the Bridgegate Trust detailing development proposals for the Bridgegate area and the committee, having heard representatives of the Bridgegate Trust, and after discussion, agreed to support the proposals and to refer the matter to the appropriate committees of the Council.

Minute approved.

2 The minute of 23rd February, 1987 was submitted and approved.

Minute of Central Area Management Team noted.

3 The minute of the Central Area Management Team of 13th March, 1987 was submitted and noted.

Area Budget, 1986/87 - Monitoring statement - Report by Town Clerk noted.

4 There was submitted a report by the Town Clerk on the monitoring statement on the Area Budget, 1986/87, and the committee noted the report.

GOING UP MAR

IMAGE-CONSCIOUS
Glasgow may soon sacrifice part of its heritage in the name of progress.

Glasgow District Council will be asked this month to consider moving Paddy's Market to another location.

It seems the age-old market is not in keeping with the new Glasgow image and the re-generation of the Merchant City.

PUBLIC

The back-lane and railway arches which are home to the market would be perfect for flats and small workshops, a survey claims.

The thought of moving has sparked off an angry reaction from stallholders and the public.

Mrs Maria McCulloch (76), a stallholder for 35 years said: "Paddy's Market has been my life. I can't imagine Glasgow without it."

And Joseph Riddoch (62), a customer for nearly 40 years said: "Even the thought of moving it from here is sacrilege. This is part of Glasgow's history."

But a special survey carried out on behalf of the city council, Glasgow Action, British Rail and the Scottish Development Agency states that the area is perfect for re-development.

All of the bodies concerned have still to discuss the survey. But a decision on it is expected to be made by Glasgow District Council's policy and resources committee this month.

TRADED

Angry stallholders today pledged to fight being moved at all costs.

Michael Taplin (35), whose family have traded at Paddy's Market for more than 40 years, accused councillors of betraying them.

He said: "I can't believe they are even considering this. Paddy's Market is part of Glasgow's history."

"We help the very people those Labour councillors claim to represent. Pensioners and people on the dole flock here to get cheap clothes."

"They can't go up the road to the Briggait or the Barras because they can't afford the price for an outfit. They can afford what we charge here."

SITES

"In London they actively encourage places like Petticoat Lane. Glasgow doesn't seem interested in retaining an old-style atmosphere in the city."

No firm decision has been taken on where the market would be moved to.

Famous Paddy's stalls may have to move

By BOB ROBERTSON

Several sites are expected to be looked at — but moving stallholders to the Barras looks favourite.

Barras Enterprise Trust chairman, councillor Martin Caldwell, refused to comment on whether the council would recommend moving Paddy's Market.

He said: "These are just ideas that are still to be decided on by the council. It is speculation and too early to comment on what will happen."

CONCERN

But he added: "There is clearly concern for the well-being of Paddy's Market."

"I do not want to see the institution of Paddy's Market being allowed to die off."

"It provides a very important social and economic role and if going to the Barras is recommended we would want to do all we can to help."



THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . . A thriving Paddy's Market in its heyday.

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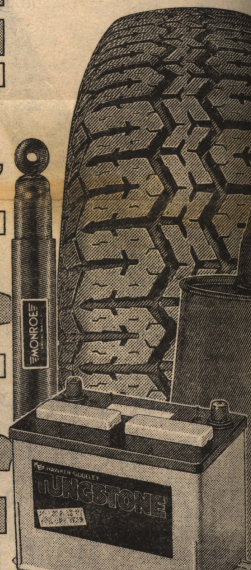
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